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DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE

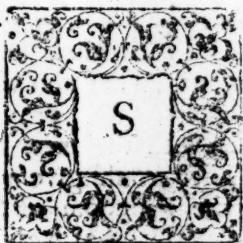
Pope and the Devil,

ABOUT

Owen and Baxter.



Pope.



Hall WE allow these Scribbling Fellows to write for ever? They feed the Press as *Baxter* feeds his Wolf, and it like their Desires, is as large as Hell; and, like the Horse-Leach, it sucks, and is never satisfied: They have a kind of Ambitious Itch to scribble: Here comes a Heap of *Octavo's*, there a Heap of *Quarto's*; and presently another of *Folio's*: and the People do so Dote on their Labours, That a MASS-BOOK, a Crucifix, or such like things cannot so much as oblige them to cast one Courteous Eye towards them: They have such Hoops and such CALLS to the Unconverted to come to the SAINTS Everlasting Rest, that they extreemly lessen our Number: My Holiness nor my Holy water have no Influence over them: They Ridicule and Laugh at my Pictures, and are so far from falling down to my Brethren-GOD, that the Villains despise it as they do the Organs in the Church! Is there no ART to lessen their increasing Number?

Devil.

Yes, yes. Take away their Family Books, my Friend, in the first place, and call in their CALLS in the next, and that will do the Business. Thou knowest my unweariedness to serve thee: I have gone about not only like a Roaring Lyon, seeking whom I may devour: but I have often acted the Part of an Eves-dropper: I have peep'd trough the Glass-Windows and there have I seen such Swarms of the Ordinary sort of People both in City and Country pooring upon *Baxter's* Family Book (as they call it) as wou'd have amazed thee: Then wouldest thou have crost thy self to have seen them crost thee by taking such crost wayes to thy Purgatory: I have heard them read on a Sunday night, till their very Eye-strings were ready to crack again, and then they would take a little Breath, snuff the Candles, trim their Lamps, and to't again, and ever as one grew weary, then *Tom* was called, after him *Harry* t'other Apprentice; thus they took it by turns, as the Oars do their Fares: A Pox on them, thought I, If this be their Trade, there's no Footing for me. I could have wish'd that their Candles might have burnt blew, or, that *Guy Faux* had been in some Cellar under them with a Cardinals Cap full of Gun powder that he might have sent them hastily and quickly to their Mansion House above: For I see no likelihood of working them to a Conformity to my pleasure below.

Pope.

Nay, If they puzzle the Devil, no wonder if they puzzle the Pope : Well, but this we may do, We may make our Jesuites render them as odious as Frost in *July*: VVe may stir up the looser sort of Protestants against them; we can make them New Forms of Prayer, give them new Commendments to obey, and make their Belief run Retrograde.

Devil.

This I have done already by my Agent *Ashington*: but what avails this? this is but like throwing Oyl upon the Fire to quench it, they know well enough the Devil had his Paw in this Py. I know it will please the Papists, but Protestants will loath it, and the Protestant Dissenters abhor it, and brand my Labors with the Title of Blasphemy; They think none but such Villains as had a hand in the late King's Death ever made use of such a Prayer as this is, this has done ten times more hurt than good to our Design, for now they begin to look upon the Common prayer with more kind Eyes than ever, they think the Divine Service is an Angels Work to this; This has so nettled them, That they mix far more Zeal with their Prayers than ever, they pray now with so much life and fervency, that you would think it impossible that Heaven should deny their requests; they pray now as though they would take up their Seats in Heaven with Violence. Oh! Fy upon them: I have heard some of them say; They would give no rest to their Bies, nor slumber to their Ey-lids till the Kingdom of Satan and Antichrist be destroy'd. They have taken pet plagues, that we should make them such set Forms of Prayer as these, when they had so stiffly refus'd to be subject to better.

Pope.

What shall we do with this stubborn, stiff-neck'd and rebellious people, that will neither be obedient to the Pope nor the Devil? Shall we let them alone? If we cease to plot against them, they'l not cease to be our Enemies; VVhat agreement can there be between God and Belial? Its in vain to use Arguments to perswade them they have things they call *Shields of Godliness*, *Armor of Faith*, and *Helmets of Salvation*; the Kings Evidence are not better arm'd than they against all our Insinuations, *Dugdale*, *Mowbray*, *Bolton*, &c. they have gotten their Steel Bodies, to dull the Points of our Sacred Daggers, but the other have gotten steel Souls, wou'd we could steal them out, for they are Cannon Proof against all our Designs.

Devil.

I know nothing so proper as a secret Massacre, and how to put that Plaster to their side I know not, they are as watchful as Peters Cock, and they are a, numerous as the stars: Pox on 'em, would they VVatch and not Pray, or Pray and not VVatch, we might Effect or Designs, but they do both, and that will ruins us both.

Pope.

Nay, If thou art faint-hearted, Farewel the glorious hopes of my Conquest!

*Go thou to thy Infernal Home,
And I will go to mine at Rome.*

4 OC 58



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